KEEP IT UP.

CUP21937/48

An Electioneering Song.)

I.

THE Cream of all Virtues is ſweet Watty O,
The firſt of all Men, who wieldeth the Pen,
To rout out CORRUPTION, is ſweet Watty O.

II.

So ſweet is the Voice of the ſweet Watty O,
That Maids gather round, amaz'd at the Sound,
And take for an Angel, the ſweet Watty O.

III.

In FAWNING, there's none like the ſweet Watty O,
He never betray'd Wife, Widow, nor Maid,
Nor aught that confided in ſweet Watty O.

IV.

The Prince of all Patriots is ſweet Watty O,
For Liberty's Good, both Fortune and Blood
Are ever devoted by ſweet Watty O.

V.

The Pride of our Iſland is ſweet Watty O,
None e'er could complain, he quaff'd with the Thane,
Who often hath *tempted* the ſweet Watty O.

VI.

The LIFE of the Ladies is ſweet Watty O,
Whoever he kiſſes, muſt melt with ſuch Bliſſes
As *only* can flow from the ſweet Watty O.

VII.

When our Moor was inclos'd by the ſweet Watty O,
He gave us more Graſs—for our Cow and our Aſs,
'Twas CHARITY, all, in the ſweet Watty O.

VIII.

Ye Freemen, be grateful to ſweet Watty O,
Elect him once more, he'll do more than before,
And that I can ſwear for—the ſweet Watty O,

A COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN.